

In the Heat of the Night by The Emcee

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Disclaimer: I don't own any of the characters or the fandom.

A/N: I positively love the new 'IT' film. I think it's better than the 1990 miniseries (which I also love). Bill has always been my favorite out of the Losers Club. And I adore Finn as Richie in the new movie. As such, I felt compelled to write something. Please note that they are both eighteen in this fic, so don't complain about the age since that won't be an issue. This has not been beta read, so if you find any mistakes let me know. Feel free to leave a comment in the towel section down below and enjoy!

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In the Heat of the Night

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They had been dating for two years now. Two long, blissful years.

Bill couldn't really remember which one of them instigated the relationship. All he could recall was that Richie and Eddie had been arguing over their group project in history class. As usual, Bill had gotten between them to try and stop their fighting and Richie started mouthing off at Bill. After years of putting up with their shit, Bill snapped and started firing off right back at him. They had gotten so close that their noses were brushing against one another's. And they, before Bill could even blink, they started kissing.

Eddie had stared at them in shock and awe before he yelled at them

to stop making out because they had a project to work on. If they wanted to make out, Eddie had told them, they could do it on their own time, not his. That was enough to make them part suddenly, blushing furiously, and grumble out apologies before they returned their focus back to their project.

After that day, however, things changed between them. Bill had never really thought about being with anyone. Sure, he had a sure on Beverly before she had moved away, but everyone in the Losers Club did. Truthfully, he had never really given love a thought after that, and had his crush on Bev really been love? He had been thirteen after all.

But after sharing that kiss with Richie, Bill's perspective changed a bit. He found himself wanting to be around Richie more and more, even though they practically spent nearly every waking moment together along with the rest of the gang. However, Bill wanted to spend time alone with Richie more than anything else. Trying to act like nothing had changed between them had been awful. Bill couldn't look at Richie without blushing and every time he turned to look at Richie while he was talking, all Bill could really focus on were his lips. Apparently, Richie had been doing the same thing because Eddie commented on it one day during lunch.

"For fuck's sake! Will you two just hook up already or something? You've been giving each other lovey-dovey eyes for the past week and I can't stand it anymore," Eddie snapped at them, leveling them both with an intimidating stare.

"Is it because of that kiss they shared?" Ben asked Eddie.

"Duh, what else?" Eddie replied.

"Haven't you noticed them fawning over each other?" Stan said with a small smirk.

"Suck my dick, Stan," Richie told him, his face almost as red as Bill's.

"Wouldn't you rather have Bill do that instead?" Eddie countered.

"I'd rather have your mom do it, Eds," Richie snapped.

"Stop it, you guh-guh-guys," Bill said.

"You should listen to your boyfriend, Richie, and shut your mouth," Stan said.

"He was talking to all of you, not just me, dickless," Richie retorted.

Everyone fell silent for a moment. Richie hadn't said anything about Bill not being his boyfriend, which is what Stan had expected him to do. That's why they all gazed at him dumbfounded, Bill especially so.

"Buh-buh-buh-boyfriend?" Bill said so softly that it was hard to hear him. But Richie heard him just fine. He turned to Bill and, with a red as red as a tomato, reached down and grasped his hand, holding it tightly.

"Yeah, boyfriend. Do any of you losers have a problem with that?" Richie said, leveling Eddie, Stan, and Ben with a look that dared them to say anything.

"No," Eddie said quickly whilst shaking his head.

"Definitely not," Stan said quickly before looking down at his lunch tray.

"Whatever works for you guys," Ben said simply. None of them appeared to be bothered by it and that had been enough to satisfy Richie.

Ever since that day, they had been together. Not everything was picture perfect. Richie still talked nonstop and only ever shut up whenever they were making out, but that was only because his mouth was preoccupied. Bill could still be stubborn and careless at times, especially when it came to the school bullies. They bickered and fought, but they always worked it out in the end, just like they had when they needed to save Beverly.

And because of that, they had made it as a couple for two years.

Now, they were eighteen and they would be graduating soon and starting a new chapter of their lives. More importantly, they would be doing it together. Just the two of them.

Perhaps that was why Bill had told Richie that he was ready to take their relationship to the next level that evening.

Bill's parents were out for the night, so he invited Richie over. They watched TV, talked, and made out, which is what they usually did when it was just the two of them. Richie and Bill had talked after the first month of being together about sex. Being sixteen, both of them were hormonal, but Bill hadn't been ready for sex-sex at that time. Hand jobs and blow jobs were separate; they were teenage boys after all and needed some sort of release. But it never went beyond that. Richie was many things, but he wasn't a pushy boyfriend. He was fine with waiting until Bill was ready.

Part of Bill had been surprised when Richie said that. After all, Richie was always going on and on about sex and his dick. Another part of Bill wasn't surprised at all because Richie truly cared for Bill. He cared about all of his friends even if he had a funny way of showing it.

After two years and with graduation coming closer and closer, Bill thought it was time to go all the way. He was ready now and he wanted it, he wanted Richie, all of him, surrounding him, becoming a part of him, inside of him. The more Bill had thought about it, the more he wanted it, and he had been thinking about it a lot recently.

He thought about how Richie would look completely naked, not just pulling his dick out of his pants and letting Bill suck him off; he thought about Richie touching him all over, memorizing his body with his fingertips and lips; he thought about Richie moving inside of him and making him feel something he had never felt before. Bill knew that the first time would hurt and he knew that they would need lube and that he would have to be stretched out to accommodate Richie.

Bill wasn't the top in the relationship; he liked having Richie take charge, tell him what to do, and guide him. He may have been considered the 'leader' of the Losers Club, but he wasn't when it was just him and Richie by themselves. And he liked it that way. Having someone else take control was a major turn on of Bill's and Richie gave him that in spades.

In the end, though, what it came down to was Bill simply wanting to be closer with Richie and nothing would bring them closer than finally making love. That was why he brought it up to Richie a few days ago while they were in Richie's bedroom. When Bill had finished stuttering through his words, face red and his fingers trembling nervously, Richie had gapped at him open mouthed. For one glorious moment, Richie had nothing to say. He quickly snapped out of his daze, though.

"Are you sure, Bill? You're not just saying that are you, because that would be pretty fucking low?" Richie asked him, his face just as red as Bill's. He sounded just as nervous as Bill felt as well. "You're not feeling pressured or anything are you? You're not telling me this because you think it's what I wanna hear, are you?"

"Nuh-nuh-no, Richie. I r-r-r-really want to d-do it with you," Bill told him honestly. "I'm r-ready."

"Are you sure?" Richie asked him again, his voice barely above a whisper. Bill gave him a reassuring smile and scooted closer to him on the bed.

"I'm sure," Bill said, his eyes never leaving Richie's.

Richie stared at him for a few seconds before he surged forward and caught Bill's lips in a kiss. He had pulled Bill onto his lap, holding him as close as possible before he fell back on the bed. His fingers curled and tugged through Bill's hair as his mouth hungrily devoured Bill's. When they parted Richie was smiling like a fool.

"I knew you'd want my cock someday," he said. Bill groaned and gently hit Richie's chest with his head.

"Way to r-ruin the m-m-mood, Rich," Bill mumbled.

"You love it," Richie said before kissing Bill's forehead.

Bill hadn't denied that because it was true. No matter how annoying or crude Richie could be, Bill still loved him. Thinking about a life without Richie in it only made Bill feel sick to his stomach. Besides, it's not like Bill never butted heads with Richie. They always would

because that was how they were.

"So, you wanna fuck right now?" Richie asked him. Though his words were light and his tone teasing, Bill knew him well enough to know that Richie was just as nervous as he was.

"No, Richie! It's a sch-sch-school night," Bill told him. "I was, um, th-thinking this F-Friday when my parents are out."

"It's a date, Denbrough," Richie said.

That was what brought them to tonight.

Both of them had been nervous, but Richie didn't show it as much as Bill had. His stutter had been especially bad this evening, so much so that Richie had kissed him and told him not to say anything, just nod yes or no if he was in pain or something. Richie kept kissing him after that, his body guiding Bill's into a lying position on the bed. With their mouths devouring one another's, Richie began rolling his hips against Bill's, causing their clothed groins to rub against each other.

Bill had never felt like this, not even when Richie's hand or mouth were around his cock. His entire body tingled deliciously and he loved it. He jerked ever so slightly when he felt Richie's fingers delve underneath his shirt and touch his skin gently. As sure as Richie kissed him, Bill could feel the trembling in his boyfriend's fingers, telling him that Richie was just as nervous as he was.

Before he even knew it, Bill was as naked as the day he was born. All of him was exposed to Richie's gaze and he had nowhere to hide, nor did he want to. Richie's eyes ran over every inch of his body, drinking him in. He licked his lips and the look in his eyes made Bill's heart skip a beat.

"Holy fuck, you're beautiful, Bill," Richie said, his voice full of wonder and desire.

Richie practically ripped his clothes off, tossing them aside without a second thought. He stood before Bill proud and tall, erection jutting out and throbbing, precum leaking out of his tip. Bill had seen his

dick before of course; he knew that Richie wasn't as long as he was, but he was thicker. Seeing it now with both of them naked made it feel like Bill was really seeing it for the first time.

Sitting down on the bed, Richie pulled Bill onto his lap, his hard cock brushing against his butt cheeks. Richie held his face in his hands and stared at him for a moment, studying Bill closely before he leaned in and kissed them. Their kisses started out chaste enough at first but soon became far more heated and passionate, Richie's tongue demanding entrance into Bill's mouth and furiously battling with his own once it was granted.

Wrapping a hand around Bill's erection, Richie stroked him slowly as they kissed. His free hand settled on Bill's lower back and held him steady. All Bill could do was moan and whimper, his arms wrapped around Richie's shoulders and holding onto him for dear life.

"Get the lube," Richie told him as he kissed along Bill's jaw. Bill leaned back and grabbed the bottle off of his nightstand. "Pour some on my hand."

Bill did as he was told, squirting some lubricant on Richie's hand, the one that had been stroking him previously. Richie rubbed it around his hand and coated his fingers with it. He kissed down Bill's neck and stopped at the juncture at his neck and shoulder. Licking the skin there, he nipped and nibbled it, most likely leaving a hickey there. Just the thought of that made Bill's cock twitch.

Richie's lubricated hand trailed to Bill's ass and wedged between his cheeks. One finger poked and prodded his entrance and Bill jumped at the cool sensation. Though he had been anticipating Richie's fingers to stretch him, actually feeling it was something else. Slowly, a finger entered him. It felt weird at first, but he liked it. He liked feeling Richie's finger move and twist and curl inside of him.

A second finger as added and Bill gasped softly as Richie began to scissor him and curl and twist inside of him. A dull ache started, but it wasn't something he couldn't handle. Bill had gone up against a homicidal clown and had lived; surely something like having sex with his boyfriend would be a walk in the park. When a third finger was added, Bill hissed softly, the dull ache growing and increasing into

actual pain.

"Shit, Bill, you look so fucking hot right now," Richie said into his ear. He kissed the shell of it and slowly retracted his fingers. "Are you sure you wanna do this?"

"Y-yes, Richie," Bill sighed, whining slightly at the loss of those fingers. The fingers had felt weird, but good even through the pain. They weren't enough though.

"I'll go slowly because this is gonna hurt like hell," Richie told him.

He kissed Bill's temple before he guided Bill onto the bed, lying him down. Richie pulled Bill's legs up and rested them on his shoulders. Situating himself against Bill's entrance, Richie kissed each knee before he turned to look into those gorgeous eyes. Slowly, oh, so slowly, Richie pushed into Bill, his cock disappearing into his boyfriend's glorious body.

Bill's hands gripped the bedding as pain quickly shot through him. It felt like Richie was tearing him apart. He was so thick, too thick. This wasn't going to work. This had been a bad idea. But he didn't say anything and Richie sheathed himself fully into Bill. Once he was inside, he stopped and let Bill adjust to his cock. Hands caressed Bill's legs and sides. Soft words fell down upon him, telling Bill that it would be okay, that the pain would go away soon, and that if he wanted him to stop to just say so.

But Bill didn't tell Richie that he wanted to stop. He wanted to go through with this. Yes, it hurt, but it wouldn't last forever and it would be worth it in the end.

Minutes passed by and Bill nodded his head, telling Richie to go ahead and continue. Richie brought one of Bill's hands up to his lips and kissed the back of it before he slowly pulled out until only his tip remained inside. Just as slowly, Richie pressed back inside. That was how it stayed for a while: Richie slowly pulling out and in to allow Bill to adjust and get through the pain.

Eventually, the pain did cease and Bill told him to go faster. Richie nodded and thrust back in faster. Bill's eyes flew open as he felt

Richie hit something inside of him that cause pleasure to surge through him. Rolling his hips, Richie moved inside Bill, pressing against his prostate with every other thrust. Moans and jumbled words tumbled from Bill's mouth and he loved the sound of it. He wanted more.

Richie tugged Bill up off of the bed and sat back, planting Bill firmly on his cock, his legs on either side of his waist. He thrust up into Bill and watched as Bill gasped in pleasure. Loud groans seeped from his mouth every time Bill's body clenched around his cock.

"Fuck, Bill, you feel so good around my cock right now," Richie said, eyes shut, his hands on Bill's hips gently guiding him up and down his dick. Bill's body moved on its own volition, natural instinct starting to take over.

"R-R-Richie," was all Bill could manage to get out.

He rose up and down Richie's cock, faster and faster each and every time. Richie filled him so perfectly and made him shudder and jerk in pleasure. Every so often, the dull ache of pain would jolt him, but that faded away as Bill got lost in his pleasure.

Soon, Richie took control and held Bill's hips in place as he thrust up into his body, faster and faster every time. Both of them were so close, so close. When Richie hit Bill's prostate once again, Bill's body tensed and his finger nails dug into Richie's shoulders as he came, his semen coating his stomach and Richie's. Richie continued thrusting into Bill as he came, his body clenching unbearably around his cock.

"Holy...shit," Richie grunted out as he came inside of Bill, hips jerking up against the body above him. He moaned loudly all the while until he had finished.

Panting and with his body coated in sweat, Richie fell back onto the bed. Bill collapsed on top of him, sweat slowly dripping down his body. Hair clung to his forehead. He was hot and sticky, but Bill felt as though he was on cloud nine as he buried his face against Richie's neck. His breath ghosted across Richie's hot, wet skin and caused him to shiver just a bit.

They laid there together on Bill's bed, panting softly as they both started relaxing. Neither of them said anything for a while and Bill was perfectly fine with that. Listening to Richie's heartbeat and his breathing was all Bill needed at that moment. Fingers began to weave through his hair and Bill sighed happily.

How much time passed, Bill didn't know, but eventually, Richie started talking.

"Fuck, Bill, that was...that was..." Richie trailed off.

"In-in-incredible?" Bill offered with a dumb smile on his face.

"Yeah, incredible. Amazing. Fan-fucking-tastic," Richie said. "All of the above."

"I agree, R-Richie," Bill said.

"Can we do it again?" Richie asked him with a grin. Bill laughed.

"S-s-sure we can. Just...give me a few minutes," Bill replied. He felt Richie kiss his wet hair and all he could do was smile.

"Hey, R-Richie?" Bill said, lifting his head up and looking into Richie's eyes.

"Yeah, Bill?" Richie said.

"I love you," Bill said softly, his cheeks reddening with a blush. Richie smiled softly at him, the look so tender that it made Bill's heart melt.

"I love you too, Bill Denbrough," Richie said. He leaned in and kissed Bill softly.

They had been dating for two, long, blissful years and they were looking forward to so many more in the future. But that thought was far from Bill's mind that night. All he could think of was Richie and the heat their entwined bodies radiated that night.